

The Critic

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An Evening in the House of Commons.

A TRAVELLER who has visited the Old World, if it has happened to him to return to it after an interval of half a dozen years or so, will find to-day that the changes which have come to pass are many and grave, and will recognize the signs of other and graver changes which are imminent. Along with these, however, he will note others, not, it may be, so important in their relations to those larger questions which affect the future of Europe, but not without a certain significance and interest of their own. He will observe, for instance, that the customs and costumes, manners and speech, which once emphasized the difference between nations, are in many instances disappearing. In that most entertaining volume of M. Alphonse Daudet, known as 'Tartarin among the Alps,' there is a scene at the hotel on the summit of the Rhigi, which introduces the picturesque Swiss waitresses in the costumes of their various Cantons. But if the traveller were to visit these Cantons, he would find that the costumes had disappeared, or were only to be seen on exceptional festal occasions, or as part of the treasures of some family with an instinct of reverence for its past. What is true of Switzerland is true of almost all of Europe. The distinctive dress of the Pyrenean, Tuscan, Spaniard and the rest, has largely vanished. Everybody wears clothes which look as though they were a bad imitation of Parisian or English fashions; and everybody, especially in hotels, speaks, or undertakes to speak the English language, so that Jacob Grimm's prophecy that that language is destined to be the speech of the civilized world, would seem to be finding already its approximate fulfilment. I speak of this, at present, however, in connection with a particular illustration of the whole matter, suggested by an evening in the English House of Commons. No one who has read about that august body can forget the descriptions of the distinctly English type of oratory, of which it has been supposed to furnish the most marked illustrations; and no American writer, so far as I can recall, has described a debate in the House of Commons, without betraying an ill-concealed complacency in view of the contrast between the halting, bungling, hesitating style of the English Members of Parliament, and that of our own public speakers, even those who are the least experienced. Indeed, this characteristic of the English Parliamentary orator has passed almost into a proverb, and has been abundantly caricatured both in literature and the drama.

If, however, what appears to be the present drift in the House of Commons, continues, it will not be a great while before these national characteristics will have become traditions of the past. Certainly the evening which I spent in the House of Commons—on the occasion when Lord Randolph Churchill delivered his second apologetic and explanatory speech after his retirement from the present Ministry, illustrated in no single particular those characteristics by which the House of Commons has been supposed to be distinguished. The debate was on the Queen's Ad-

dress, which is only another way of saying that it was of such a general and desultory character as to afford anybody an opportunity to say anything that he wished without either much consecutiveness or relevancy. The debate was opened by Mr. Bradlaugh, whose appearance, it was curious to note, in view of his well-known opinions, suggested to one who was unacquainted with those opinions the likelihood that he might be a non-conformist divine. This impression would have been confirmed, too, by the tones of his voice, or rather his 'tone,' which, to use a word intelligible to many, I fancy, might be called 'pulpity.' But the thing that especially struck me in Mr. Bradlaugh's oratory was, that it was, so far as the fluency and readiness with which he spoke was concerned, entirely un-English, from beginning to end. There was no halting, or pausing for a word—no uncertainty, apparently, as to the precise form of phrase in which the speaker intended to cast his thought; and while the speech, as all good speeches ought to do, acquired a cumulative force and velocity as it proceeded, there was in the delivery of it no such fatiguing evidence of an effort to cast about for words which would not come at the bidding, as many of us have been accustomed to think is the special characteristic of British oratory. On the contrary, I should have said that the speech, whatever its intellectual merits—concerning which I am not called now to express an opinion—erred, if it erred at all in the matter of form, on the side of too much fluency and smoothness. In other words, it would have been better, especially those parts of it which appealed to the sympathetic emotion of his listeners, if it had been more rugged, and even more broken. But nobody listening to it would have heard in it anything to distinguish it from the ready and flowing efforts of a similar character to be heard upon the floor of our own Congress, or upon any ordinary platform.

It might be said, however, that all this was to be expected from a speaker of Mr. Bradlaugh's type. His training has not been in the direction of that style of oratory which is mostly effective in parliamentary bodies, and it was plain enough on the occasion to which I refer that, whether on the one side of the house or the other, he carried with him mainly those who were the least highly educated portion of his listeners. In fact, the speech as a whole was one likely to be far more effective outside the walls of a deliberative body than within them. And this was to have been anticipated, because Mr. Bradlaugh's training had been rather that of a tribune of the people than of a legislator.

The case, however, did not seem to be greatly different when one turned to listen to the speakers who followed Mr. Bradlaugh. The most conspicuous of these, as I have said, was Lord Randolph Churchill, whose address was apologetic in its character, and was delivered with remarkable composure and ease for one speaking under such embarrassing circumstances, in ill-health, and to a largely hostile house. But here, again, the departure from the traditions of English oratory was marked and conspicuous. Lord Randolph Churchill is a ready speaker, who is evidently abundantly competent to think on his legs, and to turn the taunts and gibes of his adversary, not only with great facility, but often with great felicity. Listening to him, however, one found himself saying all the time: 'How extremely familiar all this sounds. How like it is to the sort of talk that one hears, or reads, in a political campaign at home. What surprising readiness, what intellectual agility, what cleverness of fence, what happy turn of phrase, what effective use of sarcasm and humor; but, on the whole, what want of cogency, substance and real power.' It was singularly like the sort of thing that one might hear in a debating society, or in the exchange of compliments that takes place between two clever men on a political platform. But it as certainly was not that graver, more thoughtful, weighty speech, which, accompanied often with hesitancy—a hesitancy, it is to be noted, which is in itself an implication of respect for

the judgment as to the force of words of the hearer, and which recurs not because it can not command a word, but because it is searching for the word which will most precisely express its meaning,—is the style of speech which, after all, is often characteristic of men of best culture, and is likely to be most effectual in a grave deliberative body. An American friend, holding high official position abroad, whose name, if I were to mention it, would carry with it no little weight, said to me when Lord Randolph Churchill had concluded, 'Clever, but not great.' These four words summed up the whole matter. It was an exhibition of fence of remarkable agility, and in many ways singularly effective; but it seemed lacking in those statesman-like qualities which we look for, rather than for the more showy graces of oratory, in public men, when they are dealing with matters of great moment, affecting the peace and welfare of the civilized world. It was American, indeed, but it was not even the best type of American oratory; for, while it was fluent, as our public speakers are apt to be, it did not seem to be as substantive in character, or as vigorous in argument, as the work of some men who are now sitting in either of our Houses of Congress.

It may be argued, however, that the two speakers to whom I have referred were men of unusual practice and facility, and that they could hardly be taken as types of the ordinary English debater. Possibly, so far as the whole House of Commons is concerned, there may be a certain degree of truth in this. But it so happened that on the same evening that I heard Mr. Bradlaugh and Lord Randolph Churchill, I heard the maiden speech of a young Englishman of noble lineage, who addressed the House of Commons for the first time. Any one who remembers what happened to D'Israeli in connection with a similar effort, will recognize that it is no slight ordeal. But if the young gentleman, to whom I refer, whose youthfulness of appearance was as marked as his inexperience in parliamentary oratory, was under any conscious sense of embarrassment, or fear, there was no slightest token of it from beginning to end. He alluded, on opening, with the most entire composure, to the fact that he was addressing the House of Commons for the first time. He invoked their kindly forbearance, and then proceeded at once with his argument. He was interrupted in it once and again, and at one point with a good deal of heat and violence from the opposition benches. Indeed there was an obvious effort to make enough noise thoroughly to disconcert him; but he retained his composure, responded to every interrogatory interjected into the debate with conspicuous courtesy and good humor, and before he had spoken fifteen minutes, he made it almost impossible to believe he was not thoroughly at home, as a practised speaker upon that floor. Here, again, it would perhaps have been argued by those who knew him, as an explanation of his facility, readiness and self-command, that he had had a university training, which includes membership of what is known as the Oxford Union, the great University Debating Society. But almost every well-educated Englishman, who goes to either University, has something of the sort, and is expected to have some experience in public speaking before he appears upon the floor of the House of Commons. The thing that was noticeable here, as in the other cases, was that the style of speaking was so thoroughly un-English, that in its form and utterance it did not betray from first to last any of that concern as to the right or wrong word, that reluctance to go ahead, or that incapacity to do so, which have been chiefly associated with the ordinary parliamentary speaker. It would be very flattering to our national vanity to assume that all this, or any part of it, was owing to the influence of our American institutions and methods upon our English brethren. As a matter of fact, I do not doubt there may be something in this. Intercourse between the two countries has become so intimate and acquaintance with our best public speakers so general, and admiration for them, I may add, so hearty, and often en-

thusiastic, that it would not be surprising if the mother had consented to learn something from the daughter. I do not undertake, however, to say how far this may be the case. I set out merely to call attention to a significant and suggestive fact; and I think anyone who has been in the House of Commons will confirm these impressions in regard to it.

Undoubtedly the House of Commons has lost in dignity, and I fear, too, it has lost in weight. It is no longer the leader of public opinion that it used to be in England; and there was that in the speeches delivered on the occasion already referred to, which left rather an unpleasant impression of an effort to speak to the galleries; to bring down a round of immediate applause; to say something funny, or clever, or acrid, which should create a laugh or a 'Hear, hear.' But along with this there can be no doubt that there has come the dawn of a new era in parliamentary style. The old Parliamentary orator—grave, deliberate, casting about to complete his sentence, halting, going back, substituting one word for another, and filling up the interstices of his speech with coughs and clearings of the throat—this type of orator seemed to have largely vanished. The speaking in the two representative bodies of the Old World and the New has grown in many respects curiously alike, and the token of the unification of English-speaking people to be seen in such a fact may afford an interesting subject for speculation in some graver discussion than the present.

HENRY C. POTTER.

Reviews

Ruskin's Autobiography.*

SIX more cantos of Ruskin's autobiographic prose-poem have reached us. In many passages of this unique work Ruskin shows himself a *rêveur triste et dur*, but one particularly severe and censorious to himself. In the ebb and flow of his reminiscence there is no continuity or evolution: he is continually reviewing and remembering, going back to pick up lost stitches, reverting to things forgotten in the current of early garrulities, bringing in people never mentioned before and delineating scenes which had sunk too deep in memory to be recalled. This violation of the 'Nulla vestigia retrorsum' gives a curiously tangled and inconclusive character to these personal memoirs, and emphasizes only too clearly the artistic faults of Ruskin as a theorist, writer and art critic. For if one thing is more plain and unmistakable than another in 'Præterita,' it is that Ruskin never made up his mind definitively about anything, not even about himself, but that he was continually reviewing, correcting, contradicting, abandoning. He bristles with inconsistencies of all kinds; and his fluttering self-consciousness, all a-quiver at one moment on one particular subject, is perfectly quiescent and impersonal when that particular subject comes up again. All this flutter and imperfection however is rendered in such admirable *cantabile* passages and paragraphs so full of lyric beauty, that even the most bothered reviewer is prone to pardon, and falls only too easily into the delightful pitfall.

Chapter IV. chats and chirps about 'Fontainebleau' in language of Biblical picturesqueness: he is at work on the first volume of 'Modern Painters,' is at last 'B.A.' and of age; there is more Turner chat and chirp, and Miss Edgeworth is dragged in by the ears for condign condemnation. Chapter V. is on 'The Simplon Pass,' and is a sort of ode to Geneva, the Alps and the Alpine passes. In the course of the description of Geneva (so dear to George Eliot too, who was there about the same time), Ruskin gives one of the most exquisite descriptions of the Rhone that we have ever read—too long to quote, too perfect to mutilate. In retracing these Alpine memorials by his fireside, in his old age, his style glows with sunshine: he dips his brush deep in colors and lavishes them on every straw and strand of

*Præterita. By John Ruskin. Volume II. Chapters IV.-IX. 55c. each. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

memory. Chapter VI. gets along a little faster and attaches itself like a Pacific jellyfish to the 'Campo Santo' at Pisa. This was in 1844. Ultimately one gets to 1845. In the 'Campo Santo' Ruskin learned marvellous lessons, dwelling with hosanna and hallelujah on the frescoes, interspersed with requiem and chant over Alp and Appennine. No traveller perhaps ever enjoyed Alpine scenery as he does, and few modern spirits have ever been dyed so deep in the saturations and associations of European travel of every sort and clime. In Chapter VII. there is more nibbling, and notching and whittling, more 'back water' of reminiscence, more epic ill-humor and bitter comment marked off from the surrounding context by slices of exceeding sweetness, like the seed and the rind of the pomegranate. He gets 'stuck' at Macugnaga, high up in an Alp gorge, falls ill or ailing, has a nervous attack, prays, and has his prayer answered (as once before). There is a rhapsody about George Herbert's rhymes and their influence on his religious life, a study of Shakspeare begun, glimpses of Florentine life and art, and lyric echoes and celebrations of certain magnificent cypress and laurel avenues that once (when he was there before) flourished in that fair city. And so he shoots and dances on in his queer, lancinating style, emitting flashes of true eloquence here and there, now kindling with temper, now with comment—an extraordinary bundle of nerves, perceptions and insights.

Chapter VIII.—'The State of Denmark'—is a renewed account of the economies and felicities of Denmark Hill, where the Ruskins lived, peppered with the usual piquancies of style and opinion. We get vague and flurried glimpses of Turner, renewed descriptions of 'papa' and 'mamma' Ruskin, a fling or two at Dean Stanley, and an exhumation of new Oxford memories already half mouldering in the dust. In Chap. IX.—'The Feast of the Vandals'—old Mr. Ruskin's sherry-wine business is described, Sidney Smith is lauded to the skies for his moral philosophy, the painters whom Vol. I. of 'Modern Painters' had tickled or tantilized (Cox, Prout, Fielding, Lewis) are praised or 'progged' anew, and the Scotch relations are 'Scotched' indeed, with here and there a tint of appreciation. We have before compared 'Præterita' to a zigzagging stream, coiling and recoiling on itself, and never getting much out of its meander. It is indeed like our great Susquehanna, now broadening into a sea, now contracting to a silken pouch, now gleaming, now full of gloom. Its whirlings and whiskings, however, are ever delightful, and afford a mental study of entrancing originality.

Mrs. Preston's "Monographs."*

THERE is something singularly pleasing in contemplating the work of a mind as yet untarnished by travel, with all its virgin enthusiasm and fresh delight on it, unspotted as a disc of bronze, and full of all sorts of aptitudes and susceptibilities to catch vivid impressions. Especially is this the case with our transatlantic minds opening Europeward for the first time—that sun towards which our occidental *helianthus* turns even in the dark with an exquisite perception of the fitness of things. Such sensitive souls, untarnished as we have said with the trivialities of travel, unblurred in their power of delicate reflection and reproduction, clear of all the films that overlay the weary world-traveller with his banks and depositions of impressions superimposed one upon another,—such souls are as far as possible from resembling Milton's friend, 'the Tuscan artist,' who peeped through 'optic glass' to view the moon; for they get their first vivid views not through the 'optic glass' at all, but through the living eye, with the living soul behind it. This rare experience is Mrs. Preston's, whose charming volume of first impressions of Europe lies before us; a volume made up of isolated 'monographs,' as she calls them, all connected, however, by an underlying tie of association. With a mind already

essentially Europeanized by sympathy, culture and literary tendency, she finds in Europe the gracious realization of her dreams. Her 'dream-children,' like Charles Lamb's, come true, her longings and imaginings are more than satisfied, and she brings us back as evidences of her satisfaction these graceful essays. Her attitude is neither over-reverential nor Mark-Twainesque:

Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore,

is not her motto, though it appears to be that of many an angry or ironic, blustering or contemptuous Anacharsis of the day.

One is struck, in looking over the twenty six 'impressions' here set down, with the felicity of the chapter-titles; and, on reading one and another, with their wealth of contents and power of spirited portrayal. Mrs. Preston could not but be a poetical traveller: accordingly, in her opening 'monograph' we find her 'In the Track of the Golden Legend,' which is followed by a beautiful glimpse of 'Alpenglow at Chamouni.' Later on she hovers with delightful intentness over 'The Heart of England,' 'In Shakspeare's Country' and 'Among the Oxford Quadrangles.' She follows appreciatively 'In the Footsteps of Wordsworth' and 'Around Greta Hall.' 'The Haunts of Sir Walter' are never far from her Scotch-American eye and heart, while she finds memories of Milton 'In Cripplegate Church,' pursues Coleridge and Lamb among the blackened pillars of Christ's Hospital, looks for Col. Newcome at the Charter House, and finally turns up at No. 50 Wimpole Street, where Robert Browning descended in a fiery chariot and bore to their loved Italy the beautiful genius of Elizabeth Barrett.

President Madison's Wife.*

PLEASANT reading for an hour or two may be found in the 'Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison,' a little volume into which a grandniece has gathered a number of sprightly letters, and many reminiscences of 'Queen Dolly,' 'the most gracious and beloved of all our female sovereigns.' We first catch glimpses of her as wee Dolly Payne, wending her way to school, equipped by a careful mother with a white linen mask to keep every amorous ray of sunshine from her complexion; a sunbonnet, too, sewed on her head every morning, and long gloves covering hands and arms—as prim a little Quaker maid as one could wish to see. Through a happy girlhood and youth we watch her growing in grace and stature, captivating the hearts of old and young by some nameless charm. At nineteen she is a tall, fair-faced young woman, with black hair, and the sweetest of blue eyes, whose tender glances are irresistible. They prove so to many a suitor, to John Todd among the rest; yet to him, as to the others, she announces her determination 'never to marry.' But above all things she is an obedient daughter; and at her father's wish, she buries whatever ideals she may have cherished, and becomes Mrs. Todd. After three short years of married life, as pleasant as a devoted husband could make it, she is a widow, with one son, who afterwards turns out a shiftless fellow, unworthy of the affection which a mother's anxious heart lavishes upon him. Still young—only twenty-two—rich and attractive, she is soon surrounded by a fresh host of admirers, and the social world is presently set agog by the report that she has captured the heart of the 'great little Madison,' the recluse book-worm, twenty years her senior, and supposed to be a confirmed old bachelor. This is in 1794, and in the autumn of that year we see her, as Mrs. Madison, taking her first taste of the gay society at the National Capital, of which she is, henceforth, a prominent figure.

Her letters and those of her friends, together with the descriptive and historical bits with which the judicious

* A Handful of Monographs, Continental and English. By Margaret J. Preston. 31. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

* Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison. Edited by her Grandniece. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

biographer keeps up the sequence of the narrative, afford us vivid pictures of social life in the early days of the Republic. And they are concerned not alone with gossip about the fashions, state-dinners and receptions, and domestic matters, but also with weightier affairs pertaining to the nation's interests. For those were troublous, exciting times, which culminated in the burning of Washington. Few accounts of that disastrous event are more striking than the one given in this volume. At the end of Mr. Madison's term as President, we see our gracious Dolly once more at her Virginia home, Montpelier, of which we are given a most 'taking' description. Here, surrounded by all that is beautiful in nature and art, she devotes herself to the care of an aged mother-in-law and an invalid husband, gradually growing old herself, but retaining her youthful sprightliness in large measure to the last. After Mr. Madison's death she finds solace, in her loneliness, in arranging and completing the important work which he left unfinished—the 'Reports of Debates in the National Convention, 1782-1787,' afterwards published in three volumes, and of great value to all students of political philosophy. Mrs. Madison, as we read her character in these letters and their accompanying story, was a woman of marked individuality, thorough refinement and most winning manners. She possessed what some might call an 'inordinate' love of pleasing others, and was never so happy as when doing some kindness to those about her. Wherever she moved, whatever clouds of domestic or public affliction might gather thick and dark, she seemed to carry with her an atmosphere of perpetual sunshine. Few have so nearly approached Wordsworth's ideal of 'a perfect woman, nobly planned.'

Cannibals and Convicts.*

MR. JULIAN THOMAS, the author of this interesting book of sketches, is, as his portrait shows, a young man of brain and physical vigor. He seems to have been a Confederate soldier, and to have begun his 'globe-trotting' after the War. He has voyaged much in the South Sea islands, and studied that phase of 'labor' which is of the striped kind. He has, besides, supped with cannibal kings and dusky majesties of all sorts. He acquaints us with missionaries and their ways, and also with ex-Communists and Parisians who no longer tread boulevards. His recitals are not in the same vein as those heard in Exeter Hall, or in Chicago beer saloons; yet they throw side-lights on the religious and social questions argued in those places. As we follow the author through the little archipelagos of Polynesia with old names, and into the New Hebrides, Caledonia and Guinea, we are surprised at the complexity and vastness of the political and social problems now working out. Life in these island-studded seas seems anything but colorless. As an Australian journalist, Mr. Thomas believes in 'the unity of the British Empire,' which, being translated into cold American, means *Jingoism* of a strong type. Some of his pictures of savage personages are very graphic, as, for instance, that of the cannibal child of six years of age clubbing to death another boy taken in battle. His opinions as to the great extent of man-eating still practised in the Pacific islands seems to us exaggerated, since his statements do not rest on sight, but on tradition. He bears, however, despite his somewhat loose criticism of the missionaries, strong testimony to their success in reclaiming the anthropophagi. He does not seem to have enjoyed the experience of our own late Townsend Harris, who was informed in detail by a royal cannibal as to the exact location of the tidbits in roast man. The author's monotonous style is supposed to be lightened up by a free use of American slang. A reduction of fifty per cent. in verbiage would have improved an otherwise useful book. And how long must the ages yet lapse before the index-making conscience is evolved in the average book-maker? The publishers have done

their part well in print, maps and proper accessories, except supplying a final grip to the eel of science.

City Life in Brazil.*

AMONG many books on Brazil lately issued, we regard this thoroughly sound, sensible, matter-of-fact narrative as one of the best. It is the result of the observations of a careful, exact, wide-awake American, whose idea of style is first of all to be clear. Of its twenty chapters, some are devoted to trips into the interior, to coffee plantations, farms and mines; yet the main part of the text is illustrative of Rio Janeiro. The people, markets, traders, society, court, religion, churches, theatres, book-stores and all that belongs to the many-sided interests of a metropolis, are passed under review with appreciative and intelligent comment. Valuable, because written by an American, many travellers and would-be emigrants will find what they naturally inquire for in this book, which is well arranged and indexed. Ladies will consult first the chapter on housekeeping. For ourselves, we turned at once to learn how our fellow-Americans, but not fellow-Confederates, fared as colonists, and were glad to find that though the minority do well in Brazil, the majority have returned home. This has happened, not because Brazil is a poor part of the earth to replenish and subdue, but because the United States is a better, if not the best portion under the canopy. The chapter on Brazilian literature is of special interest to the cultivated; while there is scarcely one of these descriptive essays in the entire book but will be of direct interest to the missionary, tourist, merchant, stock-raiser, or student of political science. We hope the present and succeeding Administrations will appoint many more such consuls as Mr. Andrews—provided he was, as we doubt not, as good at invoices and consular reports as he is with manuscript and copy for the publisher's printers.

Current Theological Literature.

UNDER the title 'What Is The Church?' Mr. R. I. Woodhouse, of Kensington, London, issues a little catechism, containing 'Plain Instruction about the Church, Especially in England: Her Doctrine, Her Discipline, Her Offices.' (D. Appleton & Co. 40 cts.) It is prepared in an admirable spirit, is clear, simple and wholly unimpassioned, and, for the most part, objective. One writing in the full appreciation of that noble inheritance, a national church, may be pardoned if nonconformity fails of a quite appreciative treatment, and if one does not see that the intolerance which drove out the Puritans from the national church and the coldness which froze out the Methodists are equally blameworthy with the impatient sectarianism which tends to disintegration. The omission of reference to the Scottish church is noteworthy and significant. There is something that looks a little like sophistry in the account of how the English Church is supported. On the other hand, though disestablishment is referred to, there is no polemic against it. The doctrinal part of the Catechism is slender to a degree, being chiefly limited to doctrine about the Church, with little attention to doctrine held and taught by the Church. The attitude taken is very moderate. One observes, as at least worth speaking of, that the only reference to 'Apostolical Succession' in the book occurs in the appendix on the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, added for the American edition, by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Spencer.

Eternal punishment is a solemn matter, but some phases of its discussion have their humorous element. Dr. Cox lost an editorship because of his 'Restorationism,' the American Board at Des Moines voted down Future Probation, the conservatives of Massachusetts are trying to put the Andover Professors in a box; and here come two stanch Presbyterians, one a leading Professor in a very blue theological seminary, with an English translation of the book in which Dr. Hermann Cremer argues for the possibility of conversion after death! It is true, this is only a small part of the contents; but it is there, and the late Dr. A. A. Hodge opposes it courteously in an Introduction, and Dr. Samuel T. Lowrie, the translator, in a long note. It would no doubt have been pleasant for the Andover Professors, who are now suffering persecution, if a new edition of 'Progressive Orthodoxy' could have been published, with the endorsement of these good theologians of New Jersey.

* Cannibals and Convicts. By Julian Thomas. \$2. New York: Cassell & Co.

* Brazil: Its Conditions and Prospects. By C. C. Andrews. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

even if they should have mildly expressed a divergence of view. This would certainly have been worth considering on their part; for the Andover Professors are really in need of sympathy, while Dr. Cremer stands in no danger of being disturbed at Greifswald on the ground of heresy.

The Expositor lost a good editor when it lost Dr. Cox. Perhaps the editorial side is his strongest. At all events, though he wrote much for his magazine, while he was allowed to control it, and although much of what he wrote was good, the effect of these expository chapters, read in succession, is disappointing. ('Expositions,' T. Whittaker, \$2.25.) Dr. Cox's writings are always graceful, earnest and carefully prepared; there is a winning amiability about them, and that ease of style which comes from perfect familiarity with good English composition and with expository methods. But the exegesis is not severe enough, the argument not compact enough, to support all it is made to carry. We have the agreeable talks of a scholarly clergyman about things which he believes, rather than closely-linked proof which may make us believe as he does. The 'Restorationism' that cost Dr. Cox his editorial head, and is quite fully represented in this volume (which has gone through several editions in England), needs a more solid exegetical basis, if it is to determine the opinions of those who found their views of Bible-teaching upon evidence afforded by Bible language. The second series of 'Expositions' (Whittaker, \$2.25) follows the general plan of the first, and aims to treat obscure passages of Scripture. Dr. Cox is a practised exegete, and his opinions are always worth knowing. The sermons here collected contain fewer allusions to the final salvation of all men than the former series did; this does not, however, imply change of view, but probably a desire not to pose as the champion of one idea. The volume is dedicated to the memory of F. D. Maurice.

It is a pleasure to read a book on Old Testament Morals which does not give the impression of constantly making professional excuses for the imperfections of the men, institutions and religious life that meet us in the earlier books of the Bible. Dr. Newman Smyth's treatment of the subject, in 'The Morality of the Old Testament,' is thoroughly open and manly. (Cassell's Helps to Belief Series, 40 cents.) He insists on the gradual development of moral perceptions, and the gradual accomplishment of God's moral purpose. The earlier codes of ethics were adapted to their age; they were educational, not ideal, and yet not degrading, but uplifting. We quote three sentences: 'Very imperfect characters might possess the moral material which fitted them for the moral purpose for which they were chosen.' 'We may allow knots in the framework of a building which would be intolerable in the finish of a house.' 'In the moral development of the most civilized peoples in the ages to come, the first moral truths, which at great cost were taught by God in the Old Testament, will remain indestructible, and they will not need to be taught again at such expense of human suffering and divine patience.'

The collection of papers which Dr. Austin Phelps, of Andover, has published under the title 'My Study and Other Essays' (Chas. Scribner's Sons, \$1.50), discusses some matters of historic interest and others of immediate consequence. The relation of early Andover Professors to great spiritual movements and moral reforms is worth understanding. The two papers which defend the clergy of New England from the abolitionist attacks contain much that is just, and so does that on 'Massachusetts and the Quakers.' Very striking and candid are the articles on 'A Study of the Episcopal Church,' which, coming from a life-long Congregationalist, attracted much attention when they were first written. The theological essays on Future Retribution and on Inspiration are not satisfactory, and that not so much from their conclusions, which the author of course is at full liberty to hold, as from the excessive stress laid on the *a priori* method of arguing to what truth is from what we conceive it ought to be.

'Thoughts for the Devout' is the title of a little volume of exhortations addressed to Christian people in Lent, and taken from the writings of the late Rev. Dr. William Thomas Leacock, for thirty years Rector of Christ Church, New Orleans. They are of an earnest, evangelical tone, without striking originality or force, but also without extravagance of any kind. The scheme of arrangement is from the church calendar, but the matter is Christian rather than ecclesiastical, spiritual rather than ritualistic. (E. & J. B. Young & Co.)—The new volume of sermons by the late Archbishop Trench ('Sermons New and Old') while it will not increase his fame, is not unworthy of him. His works on the Parables and Miracles, his 'New Testament Synonyms,' and his labors in the direction of English Bible Revision have been read by many more persons than these discourses are likely to reach. Yet as a final gleanings they are welcome. They are strong, large-minded and spiritual, with a solid foundation in scholarly exegesis.

(D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.)—Dr. W. E. Griffis's sermon on 'Abraham's Day and Christ's,' preached in the Shawmut Church, Boston, of which he is pastor, breathes warm sympathy with Andover, but shows a determination not to let hope for the heathen make his people careless about themselves. (Boston: Beacon Press.)

The Fine Arts

Art Notes.

THE Sprague collection of modern paintings, made principally by Mr. Thomas Robinson, was exhibited at Moore's gallery this week, previous to sale at auction on Thursday and Friday evenings. It contained examples of Charlet, the French military painter ('Napoleon Crossing the Alps'), and Delamain ('The Algerian Inn'). A sketch by Ary Scheffer ('Execution of the Vestal Virgin'), a head by Tony Fleury, a coast-scene by Isabey, a sheep subject by Braith, a sketch of a cow feeding by Troyon, several Rousseaus, some small landscapes by Courbet, a figure subject by Diaz, a landscape and a figure by Corot, a rather large Michel and a study of Venetian sails by Ziem were among the more noteworthy pictures. One of the best things in the exhibition was 'A Foggy Day, Harbor of Honfleur,' by F. M. Boggs.

—Mrs. Alexander Cameron, of this city, has offered \$5,000 toward a fund of \$25,000 to raise the debt from the Art Gallery of Toronto.

—A very good exhibition of landscapes by Mr. Charles H. Davis, an American artist living in Paris, is open at Reichard's gallery. It consists of fifty-three works, interpreting different phases of the French landscape without affectation or mannerism. The painter is endowed with a fine harmonious sense of color and tone. The qualities of luminousness, transparency and purity of color are keenly felt in all his pictures. Evening, noon, twilight, gray skies, sunlight, the green of summer and the gold of autumn, all go to form a vision of nature which for unity of purpose and tender truthfulness is unsurpassed by any recent American work. Four new works by Renouf—two portraits and two sailor-subjects—are on exhibition at the same gallery.

—\$4,000 was realized by the sale of Childe Hassam's oils and water-colors in Boston.

—The Montross collection of seventy American paintings, exhibited at Moore's gallery, was sold there on Friday of last week for \$8,282.50. George Inness's 'Sunrise in the Woods' brought \$810; F. D. Millet's 'Fastening the Strophion,' \$390; and Harry Chase's 'After the Rain,' \$440.

—Mr. James Jackson Jarves's collection of laces, stuffs, embroideries, costumes, etc., dating from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Century, was on exhibition at Ortgies's gallery from Friday of last week to Wednesday and Thursday of this, when it was sold. About 650 specimens were included in it. Genoese velvets, Venetian and Milanese laces, Lombard brocades and Florentine damasks formed a brilliant and fascinating array of fabrics, while rich ecclesiastical garments and embroidered coats of dead and gone cavaliers presented a spectacle of triple interest—technical, artistic and historical. Such a collection is invaluable to the student of textile fabrics.

—Seventy-five oils by Worthington Whittredge were sold last week at the Ortgies gallery for \$11,905. The highest price of the evening—\$430—was paid for 'Afternoon in the Woods.' 'A Brook among the Hills' brought \$415; 'An Old Room, Rhode Island,' \$400; and a view of an old New England Kitchen, \$400. The figures in both the interiors were by Eastman Johnson. Altogether the prices were satisfactory.

—Mr. William Bliss Baker, a promising young landscape-painter who died not long ago, left behind a number of finished pictures and studies which were exhibited at the Ortgies gallery from March 11 to March 17, the date of sale at auction. The subjects were all American and thoroughly native in spirit. Mr. Baker had a strong fresh way of looking at nature, which was characteristically American. His technique was, considering his youth, wide in range and gave promise of further development. It is doubtful if a better snow scene has been painted by any American than his 'Morning After the Snow,' with its splendid effect of snow-crystallization and crisp sharpness of light and atmosphere. He was equally happy in rendering the form and spirit of the summer woods, sun-saturated marshlands, green pastures and shadowy glens. For brooks and rocks embowered in green leafage he had a poet's love and a painter's sense of pictorial value.

—Seventy-five pictures, mostly by American artists, were shown at the Union League Club on Thursday, March 10. Messrs. Inness and Tryon, Wiggins, Blakelock, Wyant, Bolton Jones, Dewey, Macy, Robbins, Bristol and others sent landscapes of good quality.

The late S. R. Gifford was also represented. An early example of Winslow Homer, Siddons Mowbray's 'Chess-Player,' Frank Millet's Pompeian scene and F. A. Bridgman's 'Fountain in the Mosque' were noticeable works. Among the foreign pictures were Meissonier's 'In the Library,' De Neuville's 'Charge of Dragoons' and Detaille's 'Return from a Grand Manœuvre.'

Henry Ward Beecher.

DEATH brings surprises, and not only to those who die. Sometimes a quiet life goes out, attended by the grateful regrets of a hundred who had been blessed by it, each ignorant, till now, of the others, each astonished to find its solitary lament taken up into a choral requiem. Sometimes a dazzling life fades away and vanishes, and no one really cares, or the opened testament shows a legacy of disgrace where all supposed the heritage would be a wealth of honor. And now a man falls ill and dies, of whom it was growing a commonplace to say that he had passed the zenith of fame and power, that his influence had dwindled and his life grown to be a mere protest against obscurity, a man without the factitious consequence of public office; and the community is stirred from top to bottom, newspaper columns are crowded, bulletins issued, letters and despatches pour in, men are judged in the public mind by their attitude toward this private citizen, this 'half-forgotten' preacher. One great city suspends its business for his funeral, flags are at half-mast in two; five churches are crowded, and twenty ministers pay tribute to the dead, foremost among them one to whom strict ecclesiastical customs set up no barrier, while fifty more speak of him at their next Sunday's service.

Make all deductions for curiosity, for that extravagance of friendship to which we, each in his own case, owe so much, and for the vanity which hoists a flag with a large man's name on it, that its little craft may be conspicuous in the current which sets toward him, and you still have evidence abundant to attest the impulsive and veracious response of men to what is exceptional in man. At such a sight, genius loses its need of argument. We have had a demonstration, in more senses than one. Underlying it were personal attachment, grateful indebtedness to a stirring religious teacher, sympathetic acknowledgment of public services unofficial but not therefore small; and yet all the variety of feeling was magnetized by the unique power in him which had so laid hold of men. For his genius was not of the kind that lives secluded; of its very essence was association with his fellows and direct appeal to them. Hence the extent and quickness of its harvest. He reaped much in his conscious life; a few days, at the end, served to ripen much more.

The great manifestation of his genius was in the power of utterance. It was utterance dealing with men. Lonely singing was not for him. He must look into the eye of those who were looking into his, and know that his voice was making a way for his thoughts into their heart. Upon this activity the whole wealth of the man was concentrated. His delight in nature, in science (as he studied it by bits), in painting, in drama, in the observation of human life, whether in literature or in its breathing forms,—all these excursions of his active mind and all the receptiveness of a hospitable temper contributed to his power over men through spoken words, and found their real meaning and final use in what he said. To have silenced him would have been to destroy him. Jealous self-culture was alien to him. Nor was this contribution of all his mental habitudes to speech a cool premeditation. He may have cultivated it; but it was the truest, most natural, concentrated and essential expression of his genius to give out what he received. He had a poet's sensitiveness to impressions from the outer world, as well as a poet's creative power. His mind was not orderly, nor his thought consecutive, nor his grasp steady enough for the production of any one great artistic work. His novel will not live. But his open-heartedness and his imagination were in the constant service of the platform from which he spoke.

It was a generous platform, closed to no reform and no philanthropy. He was not an organizer of societies but he was a warm lover of men. He hated oppression for any man as much as he hated a strait-jacket for himself. He waged his war against negro slavery, and all other kinds. To him the worst thing about moral evil was that it enslaved men. His platform had a voice for public affairs—not always wise, but always loyal. He showed it at home and abroad. His speeches in England in 1863 were heroic. That they did not transform public sentiment in England may be granted: the age of miracles is past; but they braved public sentiment. They showed what was in the man. His most familiar place was his platform pulpit. He was a preacher; the facts with which a preacher deals were real to him. For though he had dramatic power he was no actor, no simulator. He was always himself. In illustration he might be histrionic, but in the main lines of his thought and feeling he was genuine. He was a champion of fair play for evolutionists, but he never could have been a materialist. Spiritual things were for him verities. The newspapers have been calling him 'the great pastor.' He was not that. What distinguished him in his relations with Plymouth Church was not his intimate acquaintance with his people, his entrance into their individual and peculiar experiences, that gradual upbuilding of character that comes from conscious, definite aim at some precise good for each. Pastoral work, in the special sense, he did little of. He was the preacher. Here his conviction and feeling, his humor and his quick wit were revealed Sunday by Sunday; and it is another proof of his unique quality that his people were contented with this, and that the mourning for him is deepened in the church where his home was.

It is an ungrateful thing to make much of the limitations of genius. We find no fault with a statesman that he is not a painter, nor with a musician that he does not build machine-shops, and turn out locomotives; or, if we do, it is petty business. Not for many of us will a just obituary need superlatives to describe a single gift of ours; by what right do we carp, and qualify our grudging praise, because a man of rich endowments is not superlative in all things? Yet truth is better than hero-worship, and—if we only say it kindly—we are bound to say that genius, since it does not take a man out of the world, does not free him, either, from the more prosaic demands of position and profession. Mr. Beecher did not wilfully or carelessly disregard these. He was impulsive and he was rash, but he was high-souled and pure. Cooler men, and enemies, sometimes thought otherwise. They were mistaken. Self-accusation, in bitter terms, betokened extravagant self-reproach for what might have cost harder-fibred men nothing more than a regret. But it is only just estimate—not faultfinding—to say that a Christian minister of rash and extravagant impulse is sometimes weak where his work demands strength. It was a defect, too, in view of his chosen calling, that he could not hold his mind up steadily to the sterner aspects of truth, nor even appreciate the full power of concatenated reasoning in theology. This was partly a reaction from traditions that loved rigidity, and held gentleness to be weakness; but not wholly this. Reaction from extravagance tends to counter-extravagance, but it tends also to bitterness. There was a more genial element in this aversion from severe theology, springing from the poetic temper and nourished by the broad sympathies and kindness of the man. The danger in this is that what in the teacher is counterbalanced by inherited and ingrained moral force and spiritual apprehension, in the pupil may lose its body, grow thin and degenerate into sentimentalism, which is neither a safeguard nor a force. True criticism will not condemn him for these things, but it will perceive that only in spite of them was he great.

We carve no niche for him yet. It is too soon. A little later, when mere eulogy has ceased, there will be hewn out for him a generous space, in full sight of men, by that general judgment of his fellows which works slowly, but with

tools of fine temper and sharp edge, and plants its statues on firm pedestals, well-poised and secure.

Snow-Drops.

IN SNOW-DROPS, well I ween,
A loving-cup is seen,
A pledge betwixt soft Spring
And the froze-bearded King :
For see! the chalice shows
White as the Winter's snows,
Save, here, brim-stains of green ;
'Tis plain what these should mean,—
So many times the lip
Of Spring did touch and sip.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

The Lounger

MAJOR POND tells me that the last literary work Mr. Beecher was engaged upon was the story of his experiences in England at the time of the Rebellion, which he was writing for *The Century*. He was anxious to finish this, because he wanted to get at his Life of Christ. He said that he never could work on that book unless he happened to be in a certain frame of mind, which he had to wait for. When it did come, he was impatient to write. The *Century* article was promised by a certain time, and had to be done. He had just written twenty-six sheets of notepaper; and these pages with the pen beside them, still wet from the last dip in the inkstand, lay on the desk in the room where he died.

MRS. BEECHER, with Major Pond's assistance, has been going over the immense mass of manuscripts left by her husband. Among them was the original manuscript of 'Norwood,' his only novel; that of the famous 'Star Papers'; and that of the sermon preached in Cincinnati on the occasion of his installation. During this conversation Major Pond said that a few years ago he visited Brattleboro, Vt., in company with Mr. Beecher, and the latter told him that fifty years before that date he had delivered a Fourth of July oration in that town. He lived ten miles away, and the committee who invited him to speak gave him the choice between ten dollars in cash and his expenses. He took the cash and walked to and from Brattleboro, feeling richer, I fancy, on his home journey than when, a few days ago, he received \$5,000 from Charles L. Webster & Co. as a first payment on the second volume of his 'Life of Christ.' The latter work, by the way, is so nearly finished that it can be easily completed by another hand.

DR. RAINSFORD, of St. George's, told his congregation last Sunday morning the following anecdote of Mr. Beecher: After speaking at the High License meeting in this city, three weeks ago, the great preacher invited the Rev. Lindsay Parker, of Brooklyn, to drive home with him. As they were crossing the Bridge, Mr. Parker asked him if he was not sometimes depressed by the thought that he must, ere long, give up his work in the Church militant. Mr. Beecher, so Dr. Rainsford said, took Mr. Parker's hands in his, and leaning his head on his friend's shoulder, replied: 'Before God, Lindsay, I thank God the old woman and I are so near home.'

A NOTEWORTHY indication of the spreading interest in letters in this country is the recent formation of a number of young ladies' reading clubs. One of these, called the Half-Hour Reading Club, has just completed its first year. Its membership is small, but includes representatives of all the States from Massachusetts to Maryland; and its plan is a very simple one. Each member is required to pay a nominal admission fee (twenty-five cents), and a fine of one cent for every day that passes without her having read for half an hour. Any work may be read during the half-hour, with the exception of fiction in the English language; and at the end of the year a prize, purchased with the accumulated fees and fines, is presented to the member who has read the greatest number of good books. To win this prize, which is awarded by one or more outsiders, a young lady must read works of solid value, as well as books renowned merely for their literary quality.

AS AFFORDING an index to the character of the reading done by the members of the Half-Hour Reading Club, I print by permission the following list of books read by the winner of the first year's prize:—Shakespeare's Historical Plays; Mill's 'Liberty' and 'Subjection of Women'; Pope's 'Essay on Man'; Macaulay's

Critical, Historical and Miscellaneous Essays; Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; Bacon's 'Wisdom of the Ancients'; Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'; à Kempis's 'Imitation of Christ'; De Quincey's 'Literary Reminiscences'; Isaiah, Ecclesiastes and St. John; 'Modern Authors' in Taine's 'History of English Literature'; Emerson's 'Representative Men'; and Abba Gould Woolson's 'George Eliot and Her Heroines'; (in French) Taine's 'Nouveaux Essais de Critique et d'Histoire'; Plutarque's 'Démétrius,' 'Antoine' and 'Comparaison de Démétrius et d'Antoine'; and Guizot's 'Civilisation en Europe'; (in German) Heine's 'Junge Leiden'; and Schiller's 'Maria Stuart,' 'Der Taucher,' and 'Das Lied von der Glocke.' Such clubs as the Half-Hour do much to keep alive the taste for good literature in a community deluged with cheap reprints of imported trash.

THE WASHINGTON ASSOCIATION, of Morristown, will soon acquire a very valuable addition to their collection of Washington relics—an early letter, hitherto unpublished, to be loaned indefinitely by Mr. Franklin H. Tinker, of Short Hills, N. J. The document has no political significance or historical importance; it was written two years before the Declaration of Independence, and consequently before the writer was either General or President. But the first paragraph throws an interesting side-light on a marked trait of Washington's character—his scrupulous regard for the truth, even in trivial affairs. In a nation that delights in titles, and invariably discounts military promotion, it is refreshing to read such a note as this:

MOUNT VERNON May 1774.

SIR, Your Letter of the 26th of July last year, address'd to 'General Washington, Westmoreland County Virginia' came to my hands some time ago. No person, Sir, of that name, in this Country, is entitled to the rank you are pleased to bestow; but as I have been engaged in a Military Life, & had the honour to Command the Troops of this Colony, it was presumed by the direction that the Letter must have been intended for me, and I have accordingly opened it. . . . Please to direct for the future to Colo. George Washington, near Alexandria, Virga.

THE remainder of the letter refers to a request for information concerning an estate nearly one hundred miles distant from Mt. Vernon, and of which at the time Washington knew nothing. It is addressed to 'Mr. Thomas Adderbrooke, at Colebrookdale, near Shiffnal, Shropshire, in England.' A '£' marked on the back indicates that the charge for postage was two shillings and twopence—a pretty stiff price, it seems in these days; but the charge did not fall upon the writer, as is the custom now, but was to be collected from Washington's English correspondent, who—if he was still alive—had perhaps forgotten all about the matter when this reply reached him, fully a year after his inquiry was written. The letter bears Washington's seal, in red wax (an unusually perfect specimen), and is of an earlier date than most of his autographs. It was 'picked up' by Mr. James R. Osgood in London, not long ago, and passed through the hands of Mr. W. E. Benjamin, of this city, before getting into the present owner's possession. Mr. Tinker has had it mounted and framed beneath Blanchard's engraving from Couders's Washington. He is an active member of the Washington Association, and the loan of this treasure is not the first indication of his practical interest in the movement whose first result was the purchase and preservation of the Headquarters at Morristown.

A FEW moments after this letter was shown to me, I happened to pick up a little book—a very little book, indeed—containing (and entitled) 'George Washington's Fifty-seven Rules of Behavior.' The first rule that caught my eye was the fourteenth: 'In writing, or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.' It struck me as being particularly apposite, and as showing that the child of thirteen was in this instance the father of the man of forty-two.

I SAW a lady at the opera the other night who regarded the performance with peculiar interest. The opera was 'Aida' and the lady Mrs. Raymond, formerly Miss Anne Louise Cary. Mrs. Raymond was the best Amneris that ever sung the part, and I am sure that if Mme. Van Zanten, who was the Amneris of the evening, had known of her presence she would have been made very nervous by it. A singer who has left the stage, and who hears her old parts sung by a new generation, must feel as the old warhorse is said to feel when he scents the battle afar off. But Mrs. Raymond is not an old warhorse yet. If she hadn't retired into private life she would still hold her former position, which was second to no other contralto.

'HUCK FINN' is what they call the vivacious Huckleberry in France. A small quarto, containing his history, has recently appeared there under the title of 'Les Aventures de Huck Finn,

l'Ami de Tom Sawyer,' the 'traduction' being by 'William-L. Hughes,' who had previously translated 'Les Aventures de Tom Sawyer.' Each of these translations is enlivened with a host of sprightly woodcuts from the 'crayon si spirituel de M. Achille Sirouy.' The same pen that introduces Tom and 'Huck' to the volatile Parisians is responsible for a French version of 'Les Bébés d'Hélène,' 'imité' from the English of 'J. Habberton.' Hennuyer, of 47 Rue Lafitte, is the publisher of these choice books.

American Literature in Washington's Time.

THE following brief address, in favor of International Copyright, was read by Mr. William Henry Bishop before the Washington Heights Century Club, at their semi-annual dinner, on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

As to American literature in the time of Washington, a first remark is very easily made. There *was* none. American literature had not yet arisen. The colonies had been too busy with their theological creeds, their political and economic writings, and their fighting, to have had time for it. They were well-nigh two hundred years old, the Revolution was long over, and the new form of government well established, before Washington Irving arose and began, in his genial, sunny way, to celebrate his country—there being then a very definite country to celebrate.

As to the literature prevailing abroad, at the same time, it was, in France, the witty, brilliant writings of the school of Voltaire, and with this, a few stilted romances—these not yet having been introduced into fiction. It was, in England, the writings of the Queen Anne essayists, the poems of Dryden and Pope, the novels of Richardson, Fielding and Goldsmith. Washington probably read *The Spectator* and perhaps 'Tom Jones,' and 'Pamela,' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' He no doubt admired Dr. Johnson's Dictionary—not quite the equal of Webster's Unabridged, as we think, but a most notable performance in its day. Perhaps he had heard of the irascible Dr. Johnson's remark, 'Sir, I can love all mankind but an American,' and had read his 'Taxation no Tyranny,' and his opinion, 'Sir, the Americans are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging.'

However this may be, the revered 'Father of his Country' certainly wrote a somewhat Johnsonian style. Many are fond of claiming that any great man, who had been balked of his mission in one direction, would, just as surely, have been great in another. Thus, Napoleon is thought to have shown in his speeches and writings that, had he not turned to military glory and government, he might have attained a foremost rank in letters. We cannot be so sure of this in the case of Washington. Imagination and the literary quality do not abound in his numerous state-papers. These are all straightforward and practical, better than literature perhaps, but still not literature. In literature—the mission of which is to please—the purpose must not be too plainly apparent, we must be won to its ends by gentler, more insensible means.

In one remarkable respect, to which I shall venture to devote most of my few remarks, the lack of a native literature in the time of Washington was a misfortune, the consequences of which are felt in a lamentable way at the present time. Had there been then some American literary men of eminence, their rights would undoubtedly have been protected in the treaties, like those of all other classes of citizens. As it was, the subject was probably never thought of, and hence arose all the shame and disgrace, personal suffering and loss, involved in the lack of an International Copyright. The situation is so peculiar as perhaps to have a curious interest for outsiders, if only as a story. The general public probably knows little of it; with its easy-going disposition, it takes the reading matter provided for it, and asks no questions.

No law exists, then, to protect the ownership of an author, either American or English, in his book, if it get to the other side of the water. An American who patents a valuable invention here may patent it also in England; an Englishman who patents a valuable invention at home, may be protected in it here. An American merchant who sells a bill of goods abroad can collect his pay for it, and an English merchant who sells a bill of goods in America can collect his pay for it. If an author of either country chance to lay down his hat, or coat, or umbrella in the other, he is protected in its ownership just as fully as if he were a native of that country. But if it be his book that is in question, the best product of his brains, costing him perhaps years of hard labor, and giving delight and profit to thousands, or even millions, of readers, he has no rights in it that anybody is bound to respect. This book may be seized by the first comer, republished *ad libitum*, and the whole profits of the republication, reaching often an audience larger than that, at home, diverted from the author to those who have executed this neat stroke of international enterprise.

At first sight—if we put considerations of simple justice and honesty in our pockets—this state of things might seem to be much more hurtful to the English than to ourselves. It might seem that whatever we could pick and steal from abroad would be, for us, just so much clear gain. England has long stood ready to confer a copyright whenever the same privilege was conferred on her own citizens in return. As far back as 1837, Henry Clay introduced into Congress to this end a petition of distinguished British authors—among whom was Charles Dickens; but no attention has ever been paid to it. No doubt our legislators smiled in their sleeves and said, 'Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung.' But the time was to come when our withers, too, should be most cruelly wrung. The penalty of this refusal to do justice abroad, of this amazing legislative indifference in a matter touching the honor and interests of the country, has fallen with crushing force, and in a double form, upon the American author. When a native literature at last began to aspire to lift its head, it found itself at the mercy of an almost overwhelming competition, in the form of cheap foreign reprints, brought out here without compensation to their authors. When an American author went to an American publisher with a book, the latter replied to him, in effect, 'Here is an English work which I can bring out for nothing. Remark that it is a very good one, too. Now, why should I pay you for yours? However, if you will come round again after the demand for this has been fully satisfied, and if you are then willing to take very little, I will see what I can do for you.'

The same state of things prevails to-day. Such a secret history underlies the vast mass of wretchedly printed, and misprinted, 'Seasides,' 'Lakesides,' 'Roadsides' and the like we see scattered about on every hand, and also the English serials running in our papers and magazines—except that for these last something is occasionally doled out to their authors by way of charity.

Under these circumstances, was it strange if the rise of American literature was slow? Is it not strange, rather, that it arose at all. Nevertheless, and against the rough dictum of Dr. Johnson that 'no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money,' material advantage has never been the motive of action with true literary talent. Against such adversity, in spite of the fact that hardly an American author has ever been able to live by his literary labor alone, it did arise and most gloriously, and has contributed more than anything else to give the United States the just fame it enjoys abroad. It is now asserted that American writing, in the department of fiction—that which is more read than any other—is better even than that of England. English publishers reprint it, English journals commend it, and it is translated into many foreign tongues. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of Paris, perhaps the leading critical authority in the world, have been lately read these words:

We can say, arguing from the numerous volumes from Boston, now reprinted almost simultaneously in London and Edinburgh, that the novel, decaying in England, has emigrated to the United States. It has there had a new birth, among a people possessing still the fresh and vigorous qualities of youth. It is surely to America that we owe, to-day, the best romances composed in the English language. England herself attests it.

And, now, what pecuniary benefit do the authors derive from the books thus spoken of? Not one cent, unless some little be given by the charity of a few publishers of the more reputable sort. Thus, to disastrous competition at home is added open robbery abroad. The authors of the two hemispheres are pitted against each other, to do each other as much harm as possible, while middlemen of all sorts reap their honest gains. The publishers themselves fall out over the spoils. They recall the old story of the two dealers in brooms. Said one broom-dealer anxiously to another: 'I do not see how you can undersell me so, since I steal the material of which my brooms are made.' 'My dear friend,' replied the other, 'I steal *my* brooms ready made.'

'But how can all this be?' the uninitiated outsider will ask. 'Surely, at this enlightened time of day, there is some redress; surely it is only necessary to bring this most flagrant abuse to the attention of the proper authority to have it, at once, remedied.' We might answer by detailing the history of the various movements that have been made to obtain redress. The American Congressman—I trust it is not to the disparagement of his own literary proclivities—seems to care no more for International Copyright, than for a railway to the moon. There is a gigantic apathy on his part. There exists an American International Copyright Association which has been exerting itself for the past three years. It consists of some six hundred members with James Russell Lowell as its President, and comprises the name of every American author of note, with not a few, also, of the most prominent writers connected with the press. The legislator is supposed to hold the writers for the press in especial reverence, since they can

do him so much harm; but these latter seem to have used their power so courteously, in the present instance, that his apathy is not yet troubled. Various bills have been prepared but have never got a hearing, beyond the committee-rooms. Congressman Dorsheimer, of this State, in his time, earned the warm thanks of the literary class by endeavoring to bring in a bill that would have been satisfactory to them; but the effort was defeated by some technicality under the rules. There are now in the hands of the Senate Committee, two bills, a simple, efficient one, by Senator Hawley, and a complicated one, by Senator Chace, for which the literary men of the country have asked only that they should be reported to the open Senate, for discussion, without recommendation; but even this has not yet been granted.

Such opposition as there is, apart from the general apathy, seems to fall under two heads. The first is an asserted concern for the interest of the masses, which does not wish to do anything that might render books less cheap. The Congressman of the district in which I lived before coming here, when I had occasion to write to him on the subject, replied that he had not looked into the matter very much, but his impression was that nothing ought to be done to interfere with the cheapness of books. Let us here stop a moment to recall that the over-cheapness of books, the wretched form in which they are, now, too often put before us, seems reducing them almost to contempt; that a plethora of books, this constant gorging of books without time for digestion, is likely to be seriously enervating to the mind; and let us recall the vigorous minds developed by our ancestors, who had not one book to read where we have a hundred.

The second form of opposition is a real, or pretended, deference to all, of whatever sort, who have to do with the mechanical production of a book—to the printer, the paper-maker, the book-binder, and the publishers, while the rights of the author, whose creation it is, are utterly disregarded. It is pretended, in some quarters that, under International Copyright, all these persons might have somewhat less to do. Such is not really the case: the percentage of the author is, under the most favorable circumstances, but the most trifling fraction of the cost of a book; such a duty, again, might be imposed on English books that the whole manufacture would have to be done in this country; and, again—even without this latter step,—there is no doubt that the increased printing of American books—now that they are held in such esteem abroad—would counterbalance any expected falling-off. But, even if it were so, when has the rule prevailed, in any community, that all the rights of one class might be ruthlessly sacrificed that some advantage might accrue to others. As Lowell has put it, in a most neat and truthful epigram: 'There is one book better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by.'

It sometimes seems as if this refusal to do justice so evident, this catching at every remote pretext of a small advantage elsewhere, this blocking the way to such recognition of intellectual merit as is accorded by all other civilized nations, could only be a development of that mercenary taint in the blood, with which Americans are often charged, and of this carried to its farthest extreme. Is it not the worship of 'the mighty dollar,' run mad? To look after only the mechanical parts of the book, is like looking after all the parts of a locomotive, and paying no heed to the pay, the accommodation, or comfort of the engineer. Such a course could not but result in disaster. In letters it has resulted in disaster, though this has perhaps not yet fallen as weightily as it may on the political class. In bringing this subject before the Washington Heights Century Club, it is my earnest desire to do a little to enlist others in an effort to abate the crying shame and scandal of the present state of International Copyright. Though it is doubtless somewhat out of the usual line here, I do not know of any subject that seems more properly in keeping with the purposes of an association devoted to the furtherance of American patriotism, and with a dinner in honor of the birthday of Washington, greatest of our patriots. I wish that my words might move some of those here to exert such political or social influence as they may have, in favor of so good a cause. The lot of the writer has been always a hard one; and it is naturally worse in a republic than in monarchies. The United States has no magnificent house of Medici, no Louis XIV., no Elizabeth, no Anne, nor George III. to desire to confer an added lustre upon their courts by drawing around them literary men and artists whose fame might distract scrutiny from government which could not too closely bear the light. There are here no poet-laureates, no state pensions, nor sinecure posts of reward. The places are distributed, as we know, to the politicians, who succeed in the caucus. This is well understood. The republic, and the private initiative, are somewhat cold and ungrateful. But it is shamefully little to ask, for that very reason, that the literary men should be put upon the ordinary footing of those of other countries. We do not expect to shine by military glory; our geographical situation, our traditions,

all forbid it; so much the more then should we take active steps to shine by literary fame, which has ever been more efficacious than any other of the arts of peace to extend a nation's renown.

If there are some here who would put themselves to the inconvenience of writing to their Senators and Representatives at Washington, urging this matter upon their attention, even should they themselves prefer to take no side in it, I am sure it would have an excellent effect, and results might follow, which they would afterwards be glad to look back upon. As our legislators are used to bow so deferentially to the people, perhaps they are looking to the people for some evidences that an interest in the subject is stirring. It is possibly from the people themselves that the effective impulsion must come.

General Wolseley on General Lee.*

(*Macmillan's Magazine*.)

THE history of the war between the Northern and Southern States of North America is yet to be written. General Long's work on the great Confederate general is a contribution towards the history of that grand but unsuccessful struggle by the seceding States to shake off all political connection with the Union Government. It will be read with interest as coming from the pen of one who was Lee's military secretary, and its straightforward, soldier-like style will commend it to all readers. It is not my intention to enter upon any narrative of the events which led to that fratricidal war. The unprejudiced outsider will generally admit the sovereign right, both historical and legal, which each State possessed under the constitution, to leave the Union when its people thought fit to do so. At the same time, of Englishmen who believe that 'union is strength,' and who are themselves determined that no dismemberment of their own empire shall be allowed, few will find fault with the men of the north for their manly determination, come what might, to resist every effort of their brothers in the south to break up the Union. It was but natural that all Americans should be proud of the empire which the military genius of General Washington had created, despite the efforts of England to retain her Colonies.

It is my wish to give a short outline of General Lee's life, and to describe him as I saw him in the autumn of 1862, when at the head of proud and victorious troops he smiled at the notion of defeat by any army that could be sent against him. I desire to make known to the reader not only the renowned soldier, whom I believe to have been the greatest of his age, but to give some insight into the character of one whom I have always considered the most perfect man I ever met. Twenty-one years have passed since the great Secession war ended, but even still, angry remembrances of it prevent Americans from taking an impartial view of the contest, and of those who were the leaders in it. Outsiders can best weigh and determine the merits of the chief actors on both sides, but if in this attempt to estimate General Lee's character I offend any one by the outspoken expression of my opinions, I hope I may be forgiven. On one side I can see, in the dogged determination of the North persevered in to the end through years of recurring failure, the spirit for which the men of Britain have always been remarkable. It is a virtue to which the United States owed its birth in the last century, and its preservation in 1865. It is the quality to which the Anglo-Saxon race is most indebted for its great position in the world. On the other hand, I can recognize the chivalrous valor of those gallant men whom Lee led to victory: who fought not only for fatherland and in defence of home, but for those rights most prized by free men. Washington's stalwart soldiers were styled rebels by our king and his ministers, and in like manner the men who wore the grey uniform of the Southern confederacy were denounced as rebels from the banks of the Potomac to the head waters of the St. Lawrence. Lee's soldiers, well versed as all Americans are in the history of their forefathers' struggle against King George the Third, and believing firmly in the justice of their cause, saw the same virtue in one rebellion that was to be found in the other. This was a point upon which, during my stay in Virginia in 1862, I found every Southerner laid the greatest stress. It is a feeling that as yet has not been fully acknowledged by writers on the Northern side.

Rebellion, foul dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained—
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath thy withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame.

* *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee: His Military and Personal History.* By Gen. A. L. Long and Gen. Marcus J. Wright. London, 1886.

As a looker-on, I feel that both parties in the war have so much to be proud of, that both can afford to hear what impartial Englishmen or foreigners have to say about it. Inflated and bubble reputations were acquired during its progress, few of which will bear the test of time. The idol momentarily set up, often for political reasons, crumbles in time into the dust from which its limbs were perhaps originally moulded. To me, however, two figures stand out in that history towering above all others, both cast in hard metal that will be for ever proof against the belittling efforts of all future detractors. One, General Lee, the great soldier: the other, Mr. Lincoln, the far-seeing statesman of iron will, of unflinching determination. Each is a good representative of the genius that characterized his country. As I study the history of the Secession war, these seem to me the two men who influenced it most, and who will be recognised as its greatest heroes when future generations of American historians record its stirring events with impartiality.

General Lee came from the class of landed gentry that has furnished England at all times with her most able and distinguished leaders. The first of his family who went to America was Richard Lee, who in 1641 became Colonial Secretary to the Governor of Virginia. The family settled in Westmorland, one of the most lovely counties in that historic state, and members of it from time to time held high positions in the government. Several of the family distinguished themselves during the War of Independence, amongst whom was Henry, the father of General Robert Lee. He raised a mounted corps known as 'Lee's Legion,' in command of which he obtained the reputation of being an able and gallant soldier. He was nicknamed by his comrades, 'Light Horse Harry.' He was three times governor of his native State. To him is attributed the authorship of the eulogy on General Washington, in which occurs the so-often-quoted sentence, 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' praise that with equal truth might have been subsequently applied to his own distinguished son.

The subject of this slight sketch, Robert Edward Lee, was born January 9th, 1807, at the family place of Stratford, in the County of Westmorland, State of Virginia. When only a few years old his parents moved to the small town of Alexandria, which is on the right bank of the Potomac River, nearly opposite Washington, but a little below it.

He was but a boy of eleven when his father died, leaving his family in straitened circumstances. Like many other great commanders, he was in consequence brought up in comparative poverty, a condition which has been pronounced by the greatest of them as the best training for soldiers. During his early years he attended a day-school near his home in Alexandria. He was thus able in his leisure hours to help his invalid mother in all her household concerns, and to afford her that watchful care which, owing to her very delicate health, she so much needed. She was a clever, highly-gifted woman, and by her fond care his character was formed and stamped with honest truthfulness. By her he was taught never to forget that he was well-born, and that, as a gentleman, honour must be his guiding star through life. It was from her lips he learnt his Bible, from her teaching he drank in the sincere belief in revealed religion which he never lost. It was she who imbued her great son with an ineradicable belief in the efficacy of prayer, and in the reality of God's interposition in the every-day affairs of the true believer. No son ever returned a mother's love with more heartfelt intensity. She was his idol, and he worshipped her with the deep-seated, inborn love which is known only to the son in whom filial affection is strengthened by respect and personal admiration for the woman who bore him. He was her all in all, or, as she described it, he was both son and daughter to her. He watched over her in weary hours of pain, and served her with all that soft tenderness which was such a marked trait in the character of this great, stern leader of men.

He seems to have been throughout his boyhood and early youth perfect in disposition, in bearing, and in conduct—a model of all that was noble, honourable, and manly. Of the early life of very few great men can this be said. Many who have left behind the greatest reputations for usefulness, in whom middle age was a model of virtue and perhaps of noble self-denial, began their career in a whirlwind of wild excess. Often, again, we find that, like Nero, the virtuous youth develops into the middle-aged fiend, who leaves behind him a name to be execrated for all time. It would be difficult to find in history a great man, be he soldier or statesman, with a character so irreproachable throughout his whole life as that which in boyhood, youth, manhood, and to his death, distinguished Robert Lee from all contemporaries.

He entered the Military Academy of West Point at the age of eighteen, where he worked hard, became adjutant of the cadet corps, and finally graduated at the head of his class. There he

mastered the theory of war, and studied the campaigns of the great masters in that most ancient of all sciences. Whatever he did, even as a boy, he did thoroughly with order and method. Even at this early age he was the model Christian gentleman in thought, word, and deed. Careful and exact in the obedience he rendered his superiors, but remarkable for that dignity of deportment which all through his career struck strangers with admiring respect.

He left West Point when twenty-two, having gained its highest honours, and at once obtained a commission in the Engineers. Two years afterwards he married the granddaughter and heiress of Mrs. Custis, whose second husband had been General Washington, but by whom she left no children. It was a great match for a poor subaltern officer, as his wife was heiress to a very extensive property and to a large number of slaves. She was clever, very well educated, and a general favourite: he was handsome, tall, well made, with a graceful figure, and a good rider: his manners were at once easy and captivating. These young people had long known one another, and each was the other's first love. She brought with her as part of her fortune General Washington's beautiful property of Arlington, situated on the picturesque wooded heights that overhang the Potomac River, opposite the Capital to which the great Washington had given his name. In talking to me of the Northern troops, whose conduct in Virginia was then denounced by every local paper, no bitter expression passed his lips, but tears filled his eyes as he referred to the destruction of his place that had been the cherished home of the father of the United States. He could forgive their cutting down his trees, their wanton conversion of his pleasure grounds into a grave-yard; but he could never forget their reckless plunder of all the camp equipment and other relics of General Washington that Arlington House had contained.

Robert Lee first saw active service during the American war with Mexico in 1846, where he was wounded, and evinced a remarkable talent for war that brought himself prominently into notice. He was afterwards engaged in operations against hostile Indians, and obtained the reputation in his army of being an able officer of great promise. General Scott, then the general of greatest repute in the United States, was especially attracted by the zeal and soldierly instinct of the young captain of Engineers, and frequently employed him on distant expeditions that required cool nerve, confidence, and plenty of common sense. It is a curious fact that throughout the Mexican war General Scott in his despatches and reports, made frequent mention of three officers—Lee, Beauregard, and McClellan—whose names became household words in America afterwards, during the great Southern struggle for independence. General Scott had the highest opinion of Lee's military genius, and did not hesitate to ascribe much of his success in Mexico as due to Lee's 'skill, valour, and undaunted energy.' Indeed subsequently, when the day came that these two men should part, each to take a different side in the horrible contest before them, General Scott is said to have urged Mr. Lincoln's Government to secure Lee at any price, alleging he 'would be worth fifty thousand men to them.' His valuable services were duly recognized at Washington by more than one step of brevet promotion: he obtained the rank of colonel, and was given command of a cavalry regiment shortly afterwards.

I must now pass to the most important epoch of his life, when the Southern States left the Union and set up a government of their own. Mr. Lincoln was in 1860 elected President of the United States in the Abolitionist interest. Both parties were so angry that thoughtful men soon began to see war alone could end this bitter dispute. Shipwreck was before the vessel of state, which General Washington had built and guided with so much care during his long and hard-fought contest. Civil war stared the American citizen in the face, and Lee's heart was well nigh broken at the prospect. Early in 1861 the seven Cotton States passed acts declaring their withdrawal from the Union, and their establishment of an independent republic, under the title of 'The Confederate States of America.' This declaration of independence was in reality a revolution: war alone could ever again bring all the States together.

Lee viewed this secession with horror. Until the month of April, when Virginia, his own dearly-cherished State, joined the Confederacy, he clung fondly to the hope that the gulf which separated the North from the South might yet be bridged over. He believed the dissolution of the Union to be a dire calamity not only for his own country, but for civilization and all mankind. 'Still,' he said, 'a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me.' In common with all Southerners he firmly believed that each of the old States had a legal and indisputable right by its individual constitution, and by its act of Union, to leave at will the Great Union into which each had

separately entered as a Sovereign State. This was with him an article of faith of which he was as sure as of any Divine truths he found in the Bible. This fact must be kept always in mind by those who would rightly understand his character, or the course he pursued in 1861. He loved the Union for which his father and family in the previous century had fought so hard and done so much. But he loved his own State still more. She was the Sovereign to whom in the first place he owed allegiance, and whose orders, as expressed through her legally-constituted government, he was, he felt, bound in law, in honour, and in love to obey without doubt or hesitation. This belief was the mainspring that kept the Southern Confederacy going, as it was also the corner-stone of its constitution.

In April, 1861, at Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbour, the first shot was fired in a war that was only ended in April, 1865, by the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox Court House in Virginia. In duration it is the longest war waged since the great Napoleon's power was finally crushed at Waterloo. As the heroic struggle of a small population that was cut off from all outside help against a great, populous and very rich Republic, with every market in the world open to it, and to whom all Europe was a recruiting ground, this Secession war stands out prominently in the history of the world. When the vast numbers of men put into the field by the Northern States, and the scale upon which their operations were carried on, are duly considered, it must be regarded as a war fully equal in magnitude to the successful invasion of France by Germany in 1870. If the mind be allowed to speculate on the course that events will take in centuries to come, as they flow surely on with varying swiftness to the ocean of the unknown future, the influence which the result of this Confederate war is bound to exercise upon man's future history will seem very great. Think of what a power the re-United States will be in another century! Of what it will be in the Twenty-first Century of the Christian era! If, as many believe, China is destined to absorb all Asia and then to overrun Europe, may it not be in the possible future that Armageddon, the final contest between heathendom and Christianity, may be fought out between China and North America? Had secession been victorious, it is tolerably certain that the United States would have broken up still further, and instead of the present magnificent and English-speaking empire, we should now see in its place a number of small powers with separate interests.

Most certainly it was the existence of slavery in the South that gave rise to the bitter antagonism of feeling which led to secession. But it was not to secure emancipation that the North took up arms, although during the progress of the war Mr. Lincoln proclaimed it, for the purpose of striking his enemy a serious blow. Lee hated slavery, but, as he explained to me, he thought it wicked to give freedom suddenly to some millions of people who were incapable of using it with profit to themselves or the State. He assured me he had long intended to gradually give his slaves their liberty. He believed the institution to be a moral and political evil, and more hurtful to the white than to the black man. He had a strong affection for the negro, but he deprecated any sudden or violent interference on the part of the State between master and slave. Nothing would have induced him to fight for the continuance of slavery: indeed he declared that had he owned every slave in the South, he would willingly give them all up if by so doing he could preserve the Union. He was opposed to secession, and to prevent it he would willingly sacrifice everything except honour and duty, which forbid him to desert his State. When in April, 1861, she formally and by an act of her Legislature left the Union, he resigned his commission in the United States army with the intention of retiring into private life. He endeavored to choose what was right. Every personal interest bid him throw in his lot with the Union. His property lay so close to Washington that it was certain to be destroyed and swept of every slave, as belonging to a rebel. But the die was cast: he forsook everything for principle and the stern duty it entailed. Then came that final temptation which opened out before him a vista of power and importance greater than that which any man since Washington had held in America. General Long's book proves beyond all further doubt that he was offered the post of commander-in-chief of the Federal army. General Scott, his great friend and leader, whom he loved and respected, then commanding that army, used all his influence to persuade him to throw in his lot with the North, but to no purpose. Nothing would induce him to have any part in the invasion of his own State, much as he abhorred the war into which he felt she was rushing. His love of country, his unselfish patriotism, caused him to relinquish home, fortune, a certain future, in fact everything for her sake.

He was not, however, to remain a spectator of the coming conflict: he was too well known to his countrymen in Virginia as the officer in whom the Federal army had most confidence. The State

of Virginia appointed him major-general and commander-in-chief of all her military forces. In open and crowded convention he formally accepted this position, saying, with all that dignity and grace of manner which distinguished him, that he did so 'trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens.' The scene was most impressive: there were present all the leading men of Virginia, and representatives of all the first families in a State where great store was attached to gentle birth, and where society was very exclusive. General Lee's presence commanded respect, even from strangers, by a calm self-possessed dignity, the like of which I have never seen in other men. Naturally of strong passions, he kept them under perfect control by that iron and determined will, of which his expression and his face gave evidence. As this tall, handsome soldier stood before his countrymen, he was the picture of the ideal patriot, unconscious and self-possessed in his strength: he indulged in no theatrical display of feeling: there was in his face and about him that placid resolve which bespoke great confidence in self, and which in his case—one knows not how—quickly communicated its magnetic influence to others. He was then just fifty-four years old, the age of Marlborough when he destroyed the French army at Blenheim: in many ways and on many points these two great men much resembled each other. Both were of a dignified and commanding exterior: eminently handsome, with a figure tall, graceful, and erect, whilst a muscular, square-built frame bespoke great activity of body. The charm of manner, which I have mentioned as very winning in Lee, was possessed in the highest degree by Marlborough. Both, at the outset of their great career of victory, were regarded as essentially national commanders. Both had married young, and were faithful husbands and devoted fathers. Both had in all their campaigns the same belief in an ever-watchful Providence, in whose help they trusted implicitly, and for whose interposition they prayed at all times. They were gifted with the same military instinct, the same genius for war. The power of fascinating those with whom they were associated, the spell which they cast over their soldiers, who believed almost superstitiously in their certainty of victory, their contempt of danger, their daring courage, constitute a parallel that is difficult to equal between any other two great men of modern times.

[To be concluded.]

Current Criticism

A DEFINITION OF CRITICISM.—There is nothing so nebulous in the meaning of Criticism as to befog either its practitioners or the logicians. The dictionaries consider it chiefly in its relation to art and letters. For myself, now first attempting to define a function, which nearly all modern writers exercise, I can offer no formula which seems more simple and comprehensive than the following: *Criticism is the art and practice of declaring in what degree any word, character or action conforms to the Right.* Conversely, and implied in this definition, the office of criticism is to see and declare what is wrong—i.e., in what degree a work fails to conform to the Right. As 'the Right' fully includes certain traditional constituents—the true, the beautiful, the good—the term thus applies to all matters of fact, taste, virtue, all questions, in other words, of verity, æsthetics and morals. Since analysis resolves it in this wise, the primary qualifications of a critic are accuracy, taste and honesty. Assuredly the last two of these should be inborn, and all are heightened by exercise and culture.—*E. C. Stedman, in The Epoch.*

ANONYMOUS COURAGE.—The prophet of 'Our Noble Selves' in *The Fortnightly Review* may be right or wrong, or merely a fantastic person cutting capers in order to draw attention to that excellent periodical. . . . 'I myself,' he modestly observes, 'who have the courage of my opinions, am afraid to say openly what I feel and know about Robert Louis Stevenson, about Austin Dobson, about half a dozen other real geniuses of our own time—not because I mind the public sneer myself, but because those for whom I feel a profound admiration are afraid on their own account to face it.' Could anything be more considerate? The Reviewer has the courage of his opinion; he does not mind the public sneer; but Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Dobson, for whom he feels a profound admiration, are differently constituted, and feel afraid on their own account to face that sneer. Therefore their admirer mentions their names; but he does not mention his own! . . . Another author who is left to take his chance of the public sneer is Mr. George Meredith. 'I have heard dozens of people say in private—that is the obvious truth—that the "Ordeal of Richard Feveril" is the greatest novel ever written in the English language.' It is difficult to understand how the truth about a matter of critical opinion can be obvious in the same sense that it may be the

obvious truth that Herr Winkelmeier is taller than any other known person, or that Mr. Gladstone has talked oftener and longer in the House of Commons than any other member of it. Still, it may be the best opinion that 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' is a 'greater' novel than 'Vanity Fair,' 'The Mill on the Floss,' 'The Antiquary,' or 'Tom Jones.' If so, Richard Feverel has a strong claim to our sympathy. During the twenty or more years that he has been before the world, only one of his admirers has had the courage to say in public (anonymously) how great he obviously is, and that one has studied him with so little attention that he cannot spell his name.—*The St. James's Gazette.*

AN OPTIMISTIC INVALID.—It seems almost incredible that the most humorous, volatile and optimistic of living English writers should do almost all his writing on an invalid's couch; and yet 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' 'Kidnapped' and 'Prince Otto' are the work of a writer whose greatest strength would be but weakness to the average man, and whose state is oftenest one of abject debility. Those thoroughly joyous out-of-door books, 'Travels with a Donkey' and 'An Inland Voyage,' are merely the records of a valetudinarian's vain journeyings in quest of health. Those of us who can only do good work when we are in good condition, and our surroundings are comfortable, would be overcome with a feeling of shame if we could look in upon the sick man of Skerryvore, propped up in bed, and writing patiently and persistently with fingers scarce strong enough to hold a pen, yet without putting so much as a syllable of complaint or despondency into any of his inimitable tales.—*Philadelphia Press.*

MR. BROWNING'S POETRY.—Mr. Browning's recent efforts have been confined to monologues, not always in his own name, which are sometimes imaginative, and always subtle and full of matter, though the meaning has often to be ascertained by conjecture. Opulence in thought and language never fails; and the present volume is, like its predecessors, saturated with fanciful ingenuity. Except Apollo and the Fates, and the inventor of printing, no person is introduced who might not be easily spared. The function of the 'People of Importance in Their Day,' from Mandeville to Avison, is to be lectured by Mr. Browning on topics with which in their lifetime they had probably little concern. Any of those who may have had a taste for metaphysical niceties may perhaps listen with interest; but the elaborate solution of problems which had never occurred except to a man of genius is as difficult as the interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's forgotten dream. The modest student might sometimes confess his inability to follow the guidance of his philosophic teacher, if the only result of his labour were the partial disclosure of secrets which had never before excited his curiosity; but, unless he is a novice in Mr. Browning's school, he expects that he will be also rewarded by frequent outbursts of poetical imagination; and his hopes will not be disappointed.—*The Saturday Review.*

ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITIES.—I should like to see standard English authors joined to the standard authors of Greek and Latin literature who have to be taken up for a pass, or for honours, at the universities. I should be sorry to see a separate school, with degrees and honours, for the modern language as such, although it is desirable that the professors and teachers of those languages should give certificates of fitness to teach them. I would add no literature except that of our own country to the classical literature taken up for the degree, whether with or without honours in Arts. These seem to me to be elementary propositions, when one is laying down what is desirable in respect to the university degree in Arts. The omission of the mother tongue and its literature in school and university instruction is peculiar, so far as I know, to England. You do a good work in urging us to repair that omission. But I will not conceal from you that I have no confidence in those who at the universities regulate studies, degrees, and honours. To regulate these matters great experience of the world, steadiness, simplicity, breadth of view are desirable; I do not see how those who actually regulate them can well have these qualifications; I am sure that in what they have done in the last forty years they have not shown them. Restlessness, a disposition to try experiments and to multiply studies and schools, are what they have shown, and what they will probably continue to show; and this, though personally many of them may be very able and distinguished men. I fear, therefore, that while you are seeking an object altogether good—the completing of the old and great degree in arts—you may obtain something which will not only not be that but will be a positive hindrance to it.—*Matthew Arnold, in The Pall Mall Gazette.*

AUTHORS AS CRITICS.—What we demand of a man of genius, is to do his own work, as Nature impels; his criticisms on the work of others are wholly subordinate to this, and are commonly less well done. It is in the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line, Ruskin says, that the claim to immortality is made and it is of secondary importance what the artist thinks of the lines drawn by his neighbors. It is curious that while religious sectarianism wanes, the literary type seems just now to be growing. . . . The moral of literary sectarianism is very much like the moral of strikes: if a man is not satisfied with a particular employment he is free to leave it; but when he forbids any one else to take it up he becomes an enemy to free labor. Let those who dislike either realistic or ideal writing simply take their kits and depart as men do who strike in a shoe-shop; but why hang about the doors and knock on the head anybody who wishes to take up the work you have laid down?—*Col. T. W. Higginson, in The Independent.*

Notes

THE frontispiece of the April number of *Scribner's Magazine* will be a portrait of Thackeray, engraved by Krull from a photograph of the Laurence portrait owned by Mrs. James T. Fields. The publication of the Thackeray letters, which is to begin in this number, will prove to those who have been so anxiously awaiting them that they were well worth waiting for. In them Thackeray is seen at his best, and those who have called him a cold-hearted cynic will be forced to change their opinion. The beauty of his character and his large charity for his fellowmen are fully shown in these letters, which were written without a thought that they would ever be seen by any one but the intimate friend to whom they were addressed. This lady, the widow of the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, edited them for publication, and in this work she was assisted by Mr. James Russell Lowell. They will appear from month to month, and will probably run through six or eight numbers.

—Mr. Wm. D. Howells has just finished a volume on 'Modern Italian Poets' which Harper & Bros. will publish in the course of a few weeks. It begins with Parini and Alfieri, and includes all the poets down to 1870. Mr. Howells embellishes his work with metrical translations from the poets whom he criticises.

—Mr. Christopher Pearse Cranch, the Cambridge poet and artist, is sojourning in New York with his family.

—'Bar Harbor Days,' a new story of Mt. Desert life, by Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, whose 'Golden-Rod' has had a large and steady sale during the past six years, will appear shortly from the press of Harper & Bros. It is filled with graceful descriptions of the favorite haunts upon the island, with which is interwoven a tale of summer life at that fashionable resort. Harry Fenn and Wm. H. Hyde have joined in illustrating the text.

—Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, sailed with his wife to Bermuda, last week, for a brief vacation.

—We are happy to learn that Dr. William H. Russell, who first made 'our own correspondent' a title of distinction, is occupied in writing his memoirs. His career has been an eventful one. He has been an eyewitness and studious observer of several of the most important events in modern history, he has preserved the notes relating to them which he made at the time, and his faculty for presenting them to the reader is almost unique. Whether the memoirs will be published in Dr. Russell's lifetime or not, has not yet transpired.

—D. Lothrop & Co. have in press for early publication a volume of poems by O. C. Auringer, entitled 'Scythe and Sword,' comprising a selection of the author's contributions to various periodicals during the last four years. Mr. Auringer's name has been pleasantly known to our readers during the period covered by these publications.

—'In Divers Tones,' the volume of poems by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts which D. Lothrop & Co. are to publish, only awaits the appearance of the Canadian edition, to be issued by Dawson Bros., of Montreal.

—General Boulanger has been called "a Bonaparte without a victory," says *The Athenaeum*. 'There is, at least, one difference between General Boulanger and Napoleon which has some interest to the bookish world. The memory of Napoleon was once toasted by Thomas Campbell on the ground that "He shot a publisher," but General Boulanger has married a publisher's daughter. As some doubt has been thrown upon a recent statement that the General is half English, we may take this opportunity of saying that his English mother is still alive, and lives very quietly in the immediate neighborhood of Paris.'

—Our readers will recognize in the signature to our leading article this week the name of the Bishop of New York.

—There will be two editions of 'The Century Dictionary,' one of ready-reference size, with two columns to the page, the other an *édition de luxe*, in three columns, printed on a much larger page.

—Prof. Henry Morley's 'History of English Literature,' some parts of which have already made their appearance, will be completed before long. It has been in preparation for twenty years, and (by a coincidence) will fill twenty volumes, when issued by Messrs. Cassell.

—'Two Gentlemen of Gotham,' an anonymous novel portraying vividly certain aspects of latterday New York life, is announced by Cassell & Co.

—'Outing's' first anniversary as an independent magazine of outdoor sports is marked by the purchase by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, its editor, of Col. Pope's remaining interest in the magazine, and by the completion of Mr. Stevens's bicycle tour of the world, and his assumption of an editorial position on the periodical's staff.

—James Pott & Co have become sole agents for Bagster's Bibles in this country.

—Mr. Rider Haggard, author of 'She,' is accused by *The Pall Mall Gazette* of wholesale plagiarism from Thomas Moore's tale, 'The Epicurean.'

—'Waste Land Wanderings,' by Dr. Charles C. Abbott, author of that delightful book 'Upland and Meadow,' is published this week by the Harpers. It consists of studies of the natural history of the country bordering upon Crosswicks Creek, a winding stream which pours into the Delaware at Bordentown.

—'Letters from the Far East,' by Col. DeLancey Floyd-Jones, U. S. A., is on the press of the Public Service Publishing Co. of this city.

—'Celebrities of the Century,' a biographical dictionary in one large volume, edited by Lloyd C. Sanders, of Oxford, is forthcoming from the press of Cassell & Co. American subjects have been written of by American writers.

—A third edition of Mrs. Silsbee's 'Half Century in Salem' will soon be ready.

—Browning's Works, in six new volumes, revised from the latest London edition, will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The first two volumes will appear next month. This is as welcome an announcement as we have chronicled in many a day.

—'Springhaven' is to be published in book form at once, with illustrations by Barnard and Parsons.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for immediate issue 'The Inter-State Commerce Act,' an analysis, by John R. Dos Passos, of the New York Bar (Vol. 38 in the series of Questions of the Day). They have in press 'The American Electoral System: Its Character and its History,' by Charles A. O'Neil, also of the New York Bar.

—On Monday last the new building of the American School at Athens was opened by the American Consul-General in the presence of the Foreign Minister of Greece and 'the élite of Athens.'

—Prof. Harrison's 'Greece,' in the Story of the Nations Series, has sold to the extent of nearly 2000 copies.

—At an autograph sale in Boston last week, a letter from Hawthorne to the late Mr. Whipple brought \$16.50—two dollars more than a document signed by Henry VIII. A verse of 'Old Ironsides,' signed by Dr. Homes, brought \$3.25, and a document bearing the joint signatures of Ferdinand and Isabella, \$61.

—Jubilee year will be marked by the publication, by Macmillan & Co., of a Victoria Edition of Shakespeare.

—A. C. McClurg & Co. have in press 'A Manual for Infantry Officers of the National Guard,' designed to give, from the latest authorities, the uniforms, arms, manual, equipments and positions, for officers of every grade, on all occasions of drill and ceremony. It is compiled by Col. J. G. Gilchrist, Third Iowa N. G., and revised by Captain E. C. Knower, U. S. A.

—The Paris literary weekly, the *Revue Bleue (Revue Politique et Littéraire)*, has lately printed a series of letters from M. Ch. Bigot, a member of the French delegation that visited the United States at the time of the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty. M. Bigot, who proves himself anything but what his name would imply, in his treatment of American manners and morals, has avoided falling into many of the pitfalls which beset the feet of hasty tourists in this country. An amusing but trivial slip is his suggestion that the streets of New York were numbered instead of named because 'a proper name, no matter how illustrious, might displease

one party or the other,' while it would be 'impossible, with the worst will in the world, to foist politics into arithmetic.' Two visits to the College of the City of New York furnish the material for a highly complimentary notice of that institution and its President. We are glad to see that M. Bigot will make his letters the basis of a book describing his tour.

—The *Revue* of Jan. 22 contains a two-page notice of 'Francillon,' M. Dumas' new play at the Français, whose production in London has been officially interdicted on the score of immorality. In a later issue—that of Feb. 19—we find the following complimentary allusion to a transatlantic contemporary of the *Revue's*: 'Rédigé avec talent et impartialité, le *Critic* a conquis, aux États-Unis, une place importante dans le monde littéraire.'

—The *Athenæum* thinks it worth while to note that in 'The Merry Men' Mr. Stevenson describes the Hebrides 'without the borrowing of a single touch from Mr. William Black.' This is very much like complimenting Hawthorne on not copying from Mr. N. P. Willis.

—Rubinstein's 'Nero' was presented for the first time in this country by the National Opera Company at the Metropolitan Opera House last Monday evening. The work was brought out with great care and mounted with splendor. It is doubtful that it will ever become a popular opera, but no one can hear it without recognizing the touches of a master's hand in many of its arias. As an opera it is not altogether satisfying, but as a musical composition, and as an attempt in a new field by one of the greatest composers of his time, it is most interesting, and we cannot but be grateful to the management of the National Opera Company for giving us an opportunity to hear it and judge of its merits for ourselves. The representation, which was repeated on Wednesday evening, called out the full strength of the company. Of the soloists Mr. Ludwig is entitled to the highest praise.

—Fräulein Aus der Ohe, who was heard last week at the Symphony Society's rehearsal and concert, gave a piano-forte recital at Steinway Hall on Monday evening. The programme included representative selections from Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn and the performer's late master, Liszt, and showed to striking advantage the wide range of the young lady's powers. Notwithstanding the unusual counter-attractions at other houses on Monday night, the recital drew to Steinway Hall an audience almost as notable for its size as for its enthusiasm. But this is not to be wondered at, for it is many years since such masterly playing as Fräulein Aus der Ohe's has been heard in a New York concert-room.

—Mlle. Bernhardt made her reëpearance at the Star Theatre on Monday evening after an absence of several years. She acted in 'Fedora,' which was repeated on Wednesday and Friday, 'Camille' and 'Frou-Frou' being given on the other nights of the week. 'Theodora' will be presented during the last week of her engagement.

—Notwithstanding the production of 'Nero' at the Opera House, the reëtrance of Mlle. Bernhardt at the Star and Fr. Aus der Ohe's concert at Steinway Hall, the Grolier Club turned out in force last Monday evening to hear Mr. Brayton Ives's address on 'Early Printed Books.' A bibliographical treat rewarded them. Mr. Ives has long been an assiduous and liberal collector; he owns one of the finest collections of early books in America; and the materials for his lecture, which was beautifully illustrated with colored stereopticon views, were derived chiefly from this source.

—There was a public examination of the pupils of Mr. Sargent's New York School of Acting at the Madison Square Theatre on Wednesday afternoon; and on Wednesday next the students and graduate members will make a professional appearance in Molière's 'Precieuses Ridicules,' adapted by Mrs. B. W. Doremus. This will be preceded by 'The Cape Mail' and scenes from 'Leah the Forsaken' and 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.'

—Lewis Morris will soon publish a volume of lyrics called 'Songs of Britain.'

—Marston's Works will soon be added to Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s series of English Dramatists, which already includes Marlowe's and Middleton's.

—Messrs. Harper are about to publish a volume containing three striking short stories, translated by Lord Lytton ('Owen Meredith') from the German of Karl Erdmann Edler, an author hitherto unknown to English readers; also, a translation, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie, of Paul Célière's 'Startling Exploits of Dr. Quies'—a wealthy Frenchman, resident in a provincial town, who is addicted to archaeology and has a mortal antipathy to travel, but who, partly by the contrivance of a rival archaeologist and partly in consequence of a series of mishaps, becomes involved in a long course of involuntary wanderings.

—Our Boston correspondent, Mr. Wm. H. Rideing, has just started on a bridal trip to the West Indies. He will be gone at least a month.

—Publication of *The Writer*, 'a monthly magazine designed to interest and help all literary workers, newspaper writers in particular,' will be begun at once by William H. Hills and Robert Luce, both of the editorial staff of the *Boston Globe*.

—Messrs. Harper have on their list, for early publication, 'A Humble Romance, and Other Stories,' by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, a frequent contributor to *Harper's Monthly*; and new editions, with additional matter, of Mrs. Sherwood's 'Manners and Social Customs' and Sir John W. Dawson's 'Story of the Earth and Man.'

—Ticknor & Co. publish to-day 'The Strike in the B— Mills,' 'Two Gentlemen of Boston,' M. M. Ballou's 'Due North,' and a new edition of Viollet-le-Duc's 'Discourses on Architecture.'

—Twenty-one American composers write to the *April Century* in favor of International Copyright. Prof. W. D. Whitney will have in the same magazine a paper on the Veda, including translations from the original. In this number, too, there will be an editorial on 'Lincoln and Lowell,' which alludes to some of the tributes paid to Lincoln by the leading American writers.

—'Samantha at Saratoga,' by Marietta Holly, author of 'Josiah Allen's Wife,' is announced by Hubbard Bros.

—J. M. writes from San Francisco:—'In your issue of Feb. 26 I find J. B. T. bemoaning the absence of heart in New England literature. Apparently his reading of the poet Whittier (whose name he does not mention) has been incomplete. If there is no heart in "The Barefoot Boy" (the infantile tramp of the country), none in "Schooldays" and "Snowbound," none in certain patriotic lyrics, none in that exposition of Quaker faith, "Barclay of Ury"—why then, of course, J. B. T.'s cardiac trouble has some foundation.

—A History of Ireland in the present and the last centuries is being written by a number of collaborators, among whom are James Bryce, Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, and Dr. Bridges.

—'Juanita: A Romance of Real Life in Cuba,' written many years ago by Mrs. Horace Mann (then Miss Mary Peabody), is announced by D. Lothrop Co. Mrs. Mann was a sister of Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and the latter writes to Mr. Lothrop: 'The story is a fiction; but the principal characters and the most important incidents are real—it was this that made the author keep back the book from publication till all were dead. . . . It was the merest accident that the work was not published before my sister's death, as she so earnestly desired it should be.' Its treatment of the question of slavery gives a sort of moral backbone to the book.

—Dr. Wm. C. Winslow, of Boston, reports in a circular just issued that of the \$8,751 expended by the Egypt Exploration Fund during the past year, \$3,920 went from the United States, though \$1,000 of this (the gift of Miss Catherine L. Wolfe) will have to go upon the following year's account. The Fund's Pithom Memoir, costing \$5, is to be reprinted if there is a sufficient demand for it.

—Prof. H. H. Boyesen, of Columbia College, gave his third lecture on 'The Modern English Poets' on Monday in the Lyceum Theatre. Keats was the poet chosen for criticism. The lecture on Browning, to be delivered on the 21st, promises to be the most interesting of the course. Browning has been a subject of study with him for fifteen years, and what he will have to say about the poet at whose shrine he has worshipped for so long cannot fail to be worth hearing. In the lecture on Tennyson set down for the 28th, he will criticize the tendency of the modern school toward over-elaboration of technique, and the subordination of sense to sound. The last lecture, on Monday, April 4, will be devoted to 'Swinburne and the Later Lyrists' (particularly Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang).

—M. B. W. writes from Cambridgeport:—'The communication of J. L. S., of Gloucester, in THE CRITIC of March 12, reminds me of the remark, "They thay I lithp, but I never could pertheive it mythelf." Born in Castine, Maine, J. L. S. never heard *clussit* for closet, *dook* for duke, or *spoon* and *rod* and *cot* for spoon and road and coat. Castine is a small place, but—as the phrase seems to be—"there also was born the writer of these lines!" My parents early removed from there, and I grew up in Boston schools; but I well remember that, as long as they lived, they never ceased to say *spoon* and *rod* and *cot*. Being corrected at school for my provincial pronunciation, I reported the fact at home. There I was told that my parents "guessed what was good enough for the "State of Maine" (Maine people almost invariably say State of Maine)

was good enough for *this* country!" I remember, too, that when our aged grandmother, an "Off-neck" (one who lives off the neck—that is, off the peninsula on which Castine stands) of honorable lineage, came to visit us, my father laughed at her for saying "hen." "You know, mother, that in the State of Maine you never said anything but *hin* for hen in your life. You're putting on airs because you've come to Boston." And she didn't deny it.'

—Walt Whitman is said to have received a letter from Lord Tennyson lately, in which the Laureate addresses him as 'Dear old man.'

—Columbia College will devote Wednesday, April 13, to celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the reorganization of the College under Trustees of its own. When this reorganization was effected, the College was thirty-three years old. Fifty years ago, when the semi-centennial was celebrated, Columbia had only one department—that now known as the School of Arts—and 112 students. To-day there are five departments—Arts, Mines, Law, Political Science, Medicine and a Department of Graduate Instruction—and almost 1,600 students. Public exercises will be held in the Metropolitan Opera House at 11 A.M. on April 13, admission being by invitation only. The orator of the day will be Frederic R. Coudert, '50, President of the Alumni Association, and the poem will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. George Lansing Taylor, '61. After the literary exercises at the Opera House, honorary degrees will be conferred. In the evening, a reception will be given by the President, Faculty and Alumni, in the great hall of the Library, and the College buildings will be illuminated throughout. Visitors will be at liberty to inspect all the departments.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1244.—1. Will you kindly give me the meaning of the word *fougue* as used in the article on Franz Liszt, page 69 of THE CRITIC of Aug. 7? I do not find it in the French dictionaries at hand.—2. Do you consider 'Put only the address on this side' standard English; suggested by the Lounger in attacking the design of our very vulnerable postal card?

POCONO MOUNTAINS.

V.

[1. The word should have been *fougue*, which means ardor, fire, fury, passion, transport.—2. Yes.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1242. The lines can be found in Dr. Watts's 'Lyric Poems,' under the title of 'The Indian Philosopher.'

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

J. F. C.

[E. A. T., of West Newton, Mass., adds that 'the poem (a sort of epithalamium) was dedicated to Mr. Henry Bendysh and bride, in 1705.']

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.

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| Adams, S. F. Arise My Soul, Arise! \$1.00 | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Adams, S. F. Nearer My God to Thee. 35c | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Ballou, M. M. Due North. \$1.50 | Boston: Ticknor & Co. |
| Barrow, S. Sermons on Evil-Speaking. 10c | Cassell & Co. |
| Cook, Joseph. Boston Monday Lecture No. 120. 10c | Boston: Rand Avery Co. |
| Creighton, M. A History of the Papacy. Vols. 3, 4. \$7.50 | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Filley, W. J. Masters of the Situation. \$1.25 | Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. |
| Frith, I. Life of Giordano Bruno. 35c | London: Trübner & Co. |
| Fyffe, C. A. A History of Modern Europe. Vol. 2. \$2.50 | Henry Holt & Co. |
| Gift, Theo. Victims. \$1.00 | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Gladness of Easter. \$1.00 | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Higginson, T. W. Hints on Writing and Speech-Making. 50c | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Jerome, I. E. Message of the Bluebird. \$1.00 | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Kingsley, C. See the Land Her Easter Keeping. \$1.00 | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Life Insurance Laws, Codification of | Boston: Wright & Potter, State Printers. |
| Lyte H. F. Abide With Me. 35c | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Mendenhall, T. C. A Century of Electricity. \$1.25 | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Palmer, Ray. My Faith Looks up to Thee. 35c | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Peabody, A. P. Moral Philosophy. \$1.50 | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Robinson, C. S. Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus | The Century Co. |
| Stevenson, R. L. Kidnapped. Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Treasure Island. 50c | Harper & Bros. |
| Toplady, A. M. Rock of Ages. 35c | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Two Gentlemen of Boston. \$1.50 | Boston: Ticknor & Co. |
| Upcott, L. E. An Introduction to Greek Sculpture. \$1.10 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Whately, R. English Synonyms Discriminated. 50c | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |